[We do not think our friend O. S need give himself any uneasiness as to the action of Congress this winter. Whoever the soldiers vote for in 1880 will be elected President, and as next fall brings the election of a new House of Representatives, all the present members who prefer not to stay at home will support the Equalization Bounty Bill and other measures the soldiers now urgently demand. The watchword of the soldiers now is, "*Those who are not for us, are against us.*"]

LIBERTY FALLS, SULLIVAN CO., N. Y.,
Aug. 11, 1879.

EDITOR NATIONAL TTIBUNE—DEAR SIR: With great pleasure did I receive THE TRIBUNE Clock, accompanied by the June and July numbers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. The Clock itself is a perfect gem. It is well fitted to adorn either mansion or cottage. I am so very, *very much* pleased with it. I can hardly see how you can afford *really so beautiful and firm* a little time-piece at so little cost. I am so *highly* pleased with it and THE TRIBUNE, *the soldier's best friend*, for so I consider it, for the reason that it comes out *boldly* before the world and the soldiers' enemies and proclaims his rights. As I was looking over General McCandless' oration, delivered by him at the Gettysburg National Cemetery May 30, 1879, it brought back old feelings of the past. I almost imagined myself again a soldier upon the field of battles. I could hear, once more, in imagination, as I progressed in reading his oration, the loud roar of artillery on both sides, the crash and whiz of both shell and solid shot as they came crashing through our ranks, scattering death and destruction in every direction among my poor comrades that stood around me. On that memorable and bloody battle-field of Pittsburg Landing fancy again brought to view the heaps of dead as they were slain, and the wounded crying for assistance and moaning in agony. I would willingly take your paper a year just to read the General's oration. I will do all in my power to help your paper, for in thus doing I help myself. Wishing you all the success in your work that is possible, as you labor for the poor soldier's welfare, I will bring this to a close, remaining ever your friend,

GEORGE W. HUNTINGTON.

APLINGTON, BUTLER CO., IOWA,
August 7, 1879.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE CO.—SIRS: I received your letter. I am the mother of seventeen children. Eleven went into the army when the war broke out. I am now a feeble old lady seventy-two years old. Three of my children were killed in the army. The son that you speak of is not at home now, but as soon as he comes will write you more particulars. You ask if we are on a farm and comfortably fixed. No, we are not. We have a small house and lot. That is all we have except what we earn daily. We are poor, and I think the sacrifices of such a mother, now in the decline of life, deserves something from the hands of the Government and the loyal people of the country. Never in the course of my life have I needed assistance more than now. My thanks for your kind remembrance in sending THE TRIBUNE. I hope you will do for me what you can. Yours with respect,

ELIZA A. UPRIGHT.

[In THE TRIBUNE of April last we published an interesting letter from the Secretary of War to a member of Congress from Iowa in regard to the discharge from the army of a son of Mrs. Upright. Feeling a desire to know more of the lady, we recently forwarded her THE TRIBUNE, at the same time writing a letter. Her answer is found above. Now this is a wonderful case. We question if the military records of any other country can produce a like one.]

GAYSVILLE, OHIO, *Sept. 6, 1879.*

Editor of the Tribune:

Let me say to the soldiers of 1861-65: Are you prepared for your duty next fall at the ballot-box? If not, let each one of you *now*, thus early post yourselves for an intelligent fight, and in order that you may be so thoroughly posted, that you will not fail in the least to do your whole duty. get the yeas and nays on every bill that has been presented to Congress touching the interests of ex-soldiers. Mark the men that voted nay, as also those who had not the courage to vote at all, for of all detestable things in the world, the coward is the worst. How many of our Congressmen, when interrogated on the subject of bills in your interest have said: "I will do all that I can for you," but when the yeas and nays were called, skulked out or sat mum in their seats. Can you, in justice to yourselves and your fellow-soldiers, go to the polls and vote for such sneaks and violators of promises innumerable? I trow not. These men have fed us on these promises too long, and I for one will vote against them when up for officers. But some one of them will say, ticket in hand on that day: "Have I not always told you that I was working in the interest of the soldier, and are you now going to go back on me?" Answer them as I shall: "You promised to do that which you were too base a coward to do, and skulked out, leaving a few to bear the burden. And now, soldiers, since these men are so fond of staying neutral, let them stay at home at their own expense and not at ours. *They wont do to tie to.*

AN EX-MEMBER OF THE OLD FOURTH.

ASALAND, GRAFTON CO., N. H.
September 1, 1879.

Editor of the Tribune:

My education is limited, but I have got a good head and heart and I will do the best I can in writing to you. The TRIBUNE is the best paper I ever had in my family, and I should hardly know how to keep house without it. I feel very much pleased to think there is one man in the United States who takes an interest in the welfare of the soldiers. May God bless you for so doing. You want to hear from the soldiers in regard to the Equalization Bounty Bill. The way you propose is very good. Now, I think the soldiers should have interest on what is due them just as the bondholders. That would be only fair. Well, in regard to the one hundred and sixty acres of land, you say we can have it by settling on it. What will you do with the old soldiers who are hardly able to do one hour's work a day? I conclude they must lose that much by not being able to settle thereon. I should like to hear from you in regard to this.

Yours truly, W. W. HARRISON.

HOWARD CITY, MONTICELLO, CO., MICH.,
Sept. 1, 1879.

MR. EDITOR: I have a good book that tells me about a Lord of a vineyard hiring men to work in it. Some went in at the ninth and some at the eleventh hour, but they received the same at night. Now, it looks to me as if Congress have given more to those who went in at the eleventh hour. The men who went in in 1861 and 1862 bore the heat and burden of the day, and a great many of them got little or nothing. Now, if this looks right to Congress it does not to us soldiers who enlisted in 1862 and never got one cent of bounty. We would like Congress to understand how the soldiers feel about this matter.

Yours respectfully, S. P. CLOUD.

In reply to Mr. Harrison's query, we will say that we should be in favor of giving the land immediately and absolutely to all the soldiers if it were not for the fact which is apparent that by thus doing the best part of our public domain would fall into the hands of capitalists and speculators. So many warrants would be in the market that they would fall in value to a mere song, perhaps $15 or $20 each. Now, it would be a great misfortune to have all our choice public lands owned by men of great wealth who could extort their own price from poor men wanting to buy land. The policy of a Republic like ours should be to keep down a great landed aristocracy such as you will find in England and Scotland. Every man in this country ought to be a freeholder. It would be infinitely better for us to have one hundred freeholders on a thousand acres than for one freeholder to have a hundred tenants. Let us give the soldiers *money*, and then they can use it as they desire.—EDITOR OF TRIBUNE.

Written for The National Tribune.

Frank Freeman.

A STORY OF THE SECOND BULL RUN BATTLE.

The 30th day of August, 1862, is a day that will ever live in my memory. Then was fought one of the most disastrous engagements of the war, to the Union forces. A soldier in a New York regiment. I was in the thickest of it. The Union troops in the position where I fought, outnumbered three to one, accomplished prodigies of valor, but could not stand against the attacks of foes equally as brave, who came down upon us like an avalanche. Probably fifteen hundred lay dead or wounded around me, within the space of a square acre, where I fell, wounded ceverely, in several places. Very many of these were members of my company and regiment. As the Rebs. fairly poured over us, in pursuit of the Union soldiers, I felt my time for death had arrived, just as one fierce-looking fellow was about to plunge his bayonet into me, uttering a terrible expletive. But his captain fortunately ordered him to desist. The day had been intensely warm, but the night felt cool, probably because so much blood had been lost by us. First sergeant Stewart, of our company—there was no braver or better soldier—lay by my side. He was severely wounded in the abdomen. I observed he was very feeble, and resting one arm under his head, with the other I drew a blanket over us. I must have fallen into a slumber, but during the night I remember the shivering and twitching of the poor sergeant, whose head was upon my arm and when daylight came, I found that arm supporting the head of a corpse. With difficulty I disengaged myself, from the remains of the dead soldier. How much I suffered from my wounds, when gangreening, and for water, during the three days I lay upon that field, God only knows. But I head this sketch Frank Freeman, and of him I propose to write. He was wounded, in this sanguinary conflict, mortally wounded. Poor little Frank; he belonged to a Massachusetts regiment—one raised at Gloucester—which was part of our brigade. He was well known by almost all of the four regiments that formed our brigade. He seemed not to be more than fifteen years of age—he probably enlisted as a drummer, but now he carried a musket—a rosy-faced, brown haired, dark-eyed boy, full of life and gayety, and ever obliging and gentle. He was the pet of the entire brigade. Around our camp-fire, one evening, Frank told us the reason of his enlistment: "My father is a sea captain," said he, "a man of 'wild and ungovernable temper, yet of warm and affectionate impulses. At times, my mother, who is an angel, was subjected to his abuse, while inflamed with anger or the influence of the maddening cup. I was too young to defend her and was aggravated beyond description, that I could not. An only child, I was the adoration of my parents and my father loved me devotedly, though he so much incurred my resentment, by mal-treating my mother. After his violent language to her, repeatedly did I say to him, "Father, if you behave again thus to my mother, I will leave your house never to return again. I will join the Union Army.' He appeared amused at my remark and spoke jestingly, that he would release me if did enlist—that I was a mere child. But one day, after more than his usual abuse of my mother, I departed from his house, and shall never enter it again. I walked to Gloucester and enlisted. The regiment sailed for Virginia, within an hour, afterwards. My parents will never find me here."

Such was Frank's brief story. But, as I have said, poor Frank was mortally wounded, at the second Bull Run battle. A ball had cut so close to an artery, that his blood could only be, through assiduous attention, prevented from flowing out in torrents. As it was, Dr. De Witt, the Hospital Surgeon—I occupied the adjoining berths to Frank at the Hospital—said his life could only be prolonged a few days. God bless Dr. DeWitt, wherever he may be day, for a more devoted, faithful surgeon, a more humane, lovable man never lived. Well, the Doctor after much entreaty, persuaded Frank to give his father's address, in order that a telegraphic communication might be sent him. In two days, a stout, florid looking gentleman entered the hospital walking arm in arm with Dr. DeWitt. They came to Frank's couch, but Frank had departed. The doctor raised the sheet, which covered that beautiful face, colid in death, and then a repentant father and sympathizing surgeon wept together. A few years ago, while visiting Boston, Mass., I rode out to Mount Auburn Cemetery, and upon an Italian marble shaft, I read these words: "Frank Freeman, of Gloucester, Mass., aged sixteen years. An American soldier who died for his country, our only and beloved son." This, I felt confident was our Frank, that brave, gentle, chivalric boy, who fell at the second battle of Bull Run. D. B.

Rochester, N. Y., August 30, 1879.

Letter From a Menominee Indian

KERSHENA, SHAWANO, CO., WISCONSIN,
August 25th, 1879.

Editor of the National Tribune.

DEAR SIR:—I, a Menominee Indian, John B. Walkesheon, who resides on the reservation in the county of Shawano and State of Wisconsin, respectfully write these few lines to appear in that good paper, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. I am a pensioner of the United States, and I received the arrears of pay, $762, which the Congressmen have voted for me, and I now wish to state what I have done with the money that I received from the United States Government. Out of this money I have bought one span of horses, $100, and one set of harness, $25, and one yoke of cattle, $80, and one sewing-machine, $25, and have $300 at interest. Before this I was so poor I did not have a shirt to my back. I wish this to appear in the paper that I thank God that we have men who pass such good laws. I have done all I could to help the country. My father and his father was against Black Hawk. I send pay for the good paper, THE TRIBUNE, for two years. Trusting to hear from you and to see this in your paper, I am your good friend,

JOHN B. WALKESHEON,
Co. K, 17th Reg. Wis. Vol. Inf.

The Secret Intelligence Among the Southern Negroes During the War.

[FROM A SOLDIER'S REMINISCENCES IN THE TOLEDO BLADE—SCENE, THE REMOVAL OF NORTHERN PRISONERS TO GET THEM OUT OF SHERMAN'S WAY.]

The train started off in a northeasterly direction, and as we went through Florence the skies were crimson with great fires, burning in all directions. We were told this was cotton and military stores being destroyed in anticipation of a visit from a part of Sherman's forces.

When morning came we were running in the same direction that we started. In the confusion of loading us upon the cars the previous evening, I had been allowed to approach too near a rebel officer's stock of rations, and the result was his being the loser and myself the gainer of a canteen filled with fairly good molasses. Andrews and I had some corn bread, and we breakfasted sumptously upon it and the molasses, which were certainly none the less sweet from having been stolen. Our meal over we began reconnoitering, as much for employment as any thing else. We were in the front end of a box car. With a saw made on the back of a case-knife, we cut a whole through the boards big enough to permit us to pass out, and perhaps escape. We found that we were on the foremost box car of the train—the next vehicle to us being a passenger coach, in which were the rebel officers. On the rear platform of this car was seated one their servants—a trusty old slave, well dressed, for a negro, and as respectful as his class usually was. Said I to him:

"Well uncle, where are they taking us?"

He replied: "Well, sah, I couldn't rightly say."

"But you could guess, if you tried, couldn't you?"

"Yes, sah." He gave a quick look around to see if the door behind him was so securely shut that he could not be over-heard by the rebels inside the car, his dull, stolid face lighted up as a negro's always does in the excitement of doing something cunning, and he said in a loud whisper:

"Dey's a-gwine to take us to Wilmington—ef dey kin git you dare!"

"Can get us there!" said I in astonishment. "Is there anything to prevent them taking us there?"

The dark face fill with inexpressible meaning. Said I:

"It isn't possible that there are Yankees to interfere, is it?"

The great eyes filled up with intelligence to tell me that I guessed aright; again he glanced nervously around to assure himself that no one was evesdropping, and he then said in a whisper, just loud enough to be heard above the noise of the moving train:

"De Yankees took Wilmington yesterday mawning."

The news startled me, but it was true, our troops having driven out the rebel troops and entered Wilmington on the preceeding day—the 22d of February, 1865, as I learned afterwards. How the negro came to know more of what was going on than his masters puzzled me much. That he did know more was beyond question, since if the rebels, in whose charge we were, had known of Wilmington's fall they would not have gone to the trouble of loading us upon the cars and hauling us 100 miles in the direction of a city which had gone into the hands of our men.

It has been asserted by many writers that the negroes had some occult means of diffusing important news among the mass of their people, probably by relays of swift runners who travelled at night, going twenty-five or thirty miles and back before morning. Very astonishing stories are told of things communicated in this way across the length or breadth of the confederacy. It is said that our officers in the blockading fleet in the Gulf heard from the negroes in advance of the publication in the rebel papers, of the issuance of the proclamation of emancipation, and of several of our most important victories. The incident given above prepares me to believe all that has been told of the perfection to which the negroes had brought their "grapevine telegraph," as it was jocularly termed. The rebels believed something of it, too. In spite of their vigorous patrol, an institution dating long before the war, and the severe punishments visited upon negroes found off their master's premises without a pass, none of them entertained a doubt that the young negro men were in the habit of making long, mysterious journeys at night, which had other motives than love-making or chicken-stealing.

Feminine Devices a Century Ago.

It is not to be supposed for a moment that ladies of the present day resort to artificial means of increasing that native lovliness which 'when unadorned is adorned the most.' Their great-grandmothers, however, thought differently; and so numerous had female falsifications become a century ago, that it was deemed necessary to introduce an act into the English parliament in 1889, which provides as follows:

'All women, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether they be maids or widows, that shall, from and after this act impose upon and betray into matrimony any of his majesty's male subjects by paints, scents, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolsterd hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and misdemeanors, and the marriage, upon conviction, shall be null and void,'